

The Most Dangerous Mission

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Summary: One of my Vivid Dreamer 18 fics that got erased. Master Chief and Arbiter face their greatest challenge ever...

The Most Dangerous Mission

"This is a bad idea."

Master Chief's eyebrows tightened as he glared at Cortana as best he could with her in his head. Her soft laughter made him want to puke.

Okay, it was the second reason that made him want to puke.

The book lying in front of him was the first reason. Beside him, the Arbiter clicked his mandibles in distress.

"The Demon had a point," the Elite remarked to the air, although he had no idea who it was the Master Chief was arguing with. As yet, his Covenant ally was in the dark as to Cortana's identity and location and the Master Chief planned to keep it that way.

"Don't call me a Demon," the Master Chief growled, unwilling putting down his Battle Rifle. Just as unwillingly, the Arbiter set his energy sword down on the locker bench.

Cortana giggled, making Master Chief's head throb and worsening his mood. "Cortana," he snapped at the AI, "let's get this over with."

"You have to put down all your weapons first," she scolded him, once she was able to stop sniggering, "I know that you're carrying much more than that Battle Rifle and I'm quite certain the same could be said of the Arbiter. You promised Commander Keyes that you would take care of this for her â€“ non-violently."

Both the males sighed and started to strip themselves further of

weaponry. Soon a whole armory's worth of grenades and weapons of various kinds littered the locker room floor. Master Chief crossed his arms over his chest, very much displeased and the Arbiter growled curses to himself in his own language.

For some reason that just sent Cortana off into more peals of laughter. "Pick up the book," she gasped, as if trying to catch her breath. Which was silly, since the AI wasn't even technically alive and wouldn't need to breathe.

The Master Chief didn't move. "Arbiter."

The Arbiter jumped, and the clicking of his mandibles sounded more distressed. "I don't suppose we could just send a Grunt?" He stumbled over the unfamiliar term for his lackey, but he didn't move either. Cortana's snickering was getting beyond annoying.

I wish we could just send her in there. The Master Chief could picture what the monster waiting for them could do to the AI if he got his hands on her. The Chief had no doubt that he could bypass whatever security Cortana had set up, and make the rest of her existence miserable for her.

"You promised." Cortana's words went icy, almost as if she had somehow picked up on that thought. She knew Master Chief too well.

Master Chief sighed. Sometimes he hated being a man of his word. Next time he would make sure to ask Commander Keyes what she wanted of him before he promised rashly to do anything for her.

The large armored human reached for the book, gripping it tightly as if it were a shield. "If I carry the book," he bargained with the Arbiter, "You have to open the door and go first."

The Arbiter didn't look happy about that, but he nodded his head in agreement. He and the Master Chief had originally had two different shifts, back-to-back, but two days of hell had convinced them that it would be better to help each other out and combine their shifts. If nothing else, this unfortunate duty had gotten them to trust each other more and to work as allies. "Ready," he growled, hand twitching for the abandoned energy sword.

The alien loped over to the door and with a sharp nod from Chief, pressed the button to open it. As soon as it slid open, he slipped in, body tense.

"Lizzy!" a high-pitched voice declared happily. Something went splat and the Chief could hear the Arbiter groan.

"Oh, thank goodness you're finally here!" a prissy voice declared, "I must go now."

A blur of blue came darting out the door as Guilty Spark fled the vicinity. Master Chief noted the wires trailing from the frustrating machine with grimness. This was going to be a bad day. The book might not even save them this time.

Gathering all his courage, the Master Chief entered into the room the Arbiter had preceded him into. It was tastefully decorated in blues

and pinks, the only object standing out being a cringing Arbiter, who was splattered with a dripping white liquid and applesauce.

"Chiefy!" the little voice sang out, drawing Chief's attention to his main worry. A little boy of about two years old sat on the floor, parts to the Guilty Spark scattered all around him. The Chief, who had never batted an eye when facing Covenant or Flood, cringed. The child had a cherubic face, but held an armful of squirming cat in his arms. Chief could just guess what was in his mind.

He held up his shield, forcing a smile into his voice. "Hey, Jakey, wanna read a story?"

No go. The late Captain Keyes' grandson threw the rest of his milk and the cat at the Master Chief with a yell of delight. The milk hit the cover of Hop on Pop, but cat landed on the Chief's head, managing to find the areas that weren't as well armored and digging its claws in.

Swallowing a curse, the Master Chief tossed the cat aside and joined the Arbiter, who was unsuccessfully trying to look like part of the wallpaper. The child wailed and the two warriors exchanged horrified looks as he began to throw a temper tantrum.

"You know what," the Chief confided in the Elite as they reluctantly edged closer to the screaming monster, "I'd rather be fighting the Flood right now."

"Maybe Commander Keyes will find an undestroyed Halo swarming with Flood," the Arbiter hoped, his voice unconvinced. He especially regretted joining forces with the humans at times like this.

The screeching went up several decibels higher and the new allies winced. Master Chief dropped the useless book as he tried to cover his sensitive ears.

"I doubt it," the human groaned, his senses in agony as the child's wail of distress outstripped any death cry he had ever heard, "We aren't that lucky."

YEAH, I KNOW; IT'S STUPID BEYOND BELIEF, BUT I HAD FUN. I HAD JUST FINISHED HALO 2 FOR THE FIRST TIME WHEN I WROTE THIS AND WAS TRYING TO THINK IF THE WARRIORS EVER FELT LIKE BACKING DOWN. SO THIS SILLY FIC EMERGED. R&R IF YOU LIKE IT; BE NICE, THOUGH â€“ I DON'T USUALLY WRITE HUMOR AND I THINK IT SHOWS.

End
file.